SONGS
OF
THE OCEAN

A Life on the Ocean Wave.	The Thorn.
By the sad Sea Waves.	My Heart is sair.
The Sailor's adieu.	Corn Rigs.
Sea-Girt England.	The Rising Sun.
Beautiful Venice.	Alice Gray.
Katty, avourneen.	The Exile.
Sally in our Alley.	Oh, weep not my Shelah.

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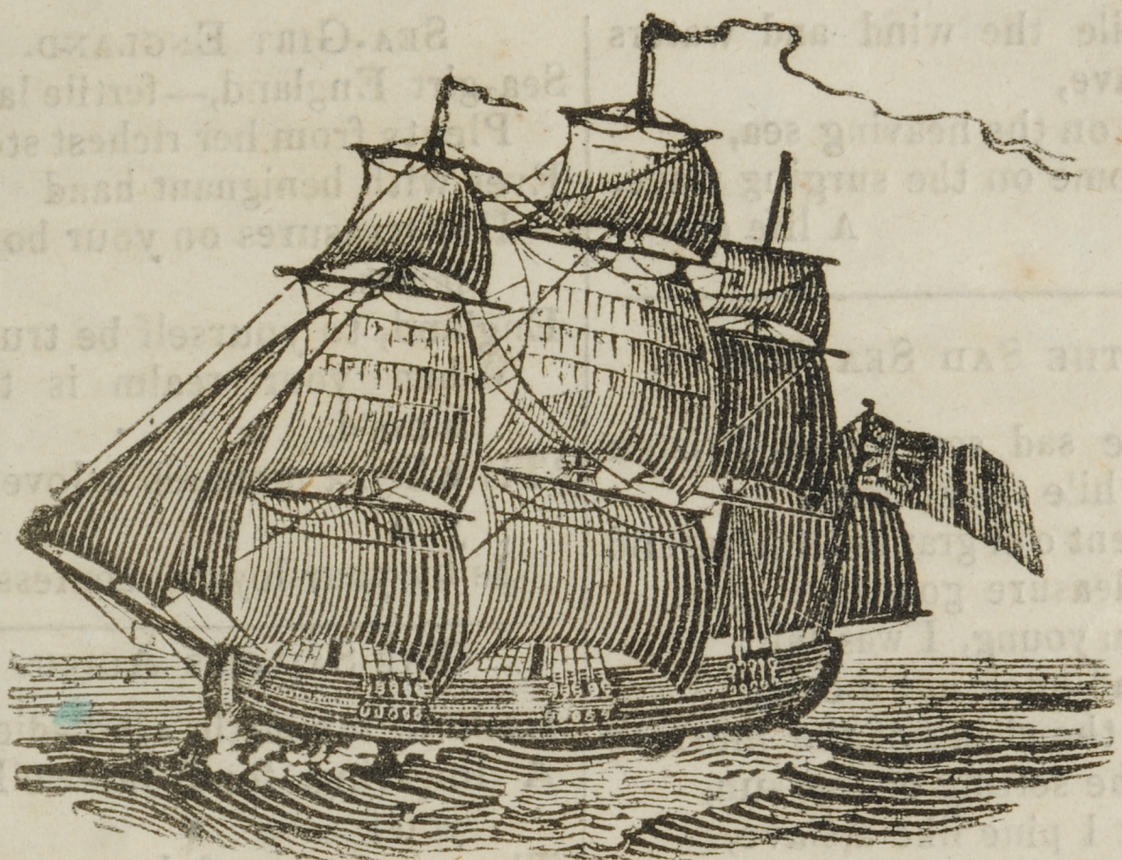

Life on the Ocean Wave.

life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scatter'd waters rave
And the winds their revels keep,
ike an eagle caged I pine
On this dull unchanging shore,
h! give me the flashing brine,
The spray and the tempest's roar.
A life, etc.

nce more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift gliding craft
And bid farewell to the land,
The gale follows far abaft;
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free;
Like the ocean-bird, our home,
We find far out on the sea.
A life, etc.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown,
But with a stout vessel & crew,
We'll say, let the storm come down;
And the song of our heart shall (be,

While the wind and waters rave,
A life on the heaving sea,
A home on the surging wave.
A life etc.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

By the sad sea waves, I listen while they moan,
A lament o'er graves of hope and pleasure gone;
I am young, I was fair,
I had once not a care,
From the rising of the morn to the setting of the sun,
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea wave.
Come again bright days of hope and pleasure gone.

From my care last night my holy sleep beguiled,
In my fair dream light, my home upon me smiled;
Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew,
Every flower that I knew,
Breathed a welcome back to the worn and weary child,
I awoke in my grave,
By the sad sea wave.
Come again bright dream, so peacefully that smiled

Sea-Girt England.

Sea-girt England,—fertile land!
Plenty from her richest stores
Ever with benignant hand
Her treasures on your bosom pours.
England, to yourself be true;
When your realm is truly bless'd,
'Tis when a monarch's love for you
Is by your loyalty confess'd.

The Sailor's Adieu.

Land of my birth, I bid adieu—
A lingering, fond farewell to you;
The mountains fade upon my sight,
And mingle with the clouds of night.
Land of my pride! renown'd by fame,
I glory in a Briton's name;
And thou shalt be, till time decays,
The nations' envy and their praise.
Land of my love! I cannot tell
What now I feel to say farewell
For her I love, I leave with thee,
Oh! guard and guide her still for me.

Beautiful Venice.

Beautiful Venice!—
City of song—
What mem'ries of old
To thy regions belong;
What sweet recollections
Cling to my heart,
As thy fast fading shores,
From my vision depart.
Oh, poesy's home,
Is thy light colonnades,
Where the winds gently sigh,
As the sweet twilight fades,
I have known many homes,
But the dwelling for me—
Is beautiful Venice,
The bride of the sea!

Beautiful Venice!—
Queen of the earth—
Where dark eyes shine brightly
'Mid music and mirth;
Where gay serenaders,
By light of the star,
Oft mingle their songs
With the dulcet guitar.
All that's lovely in life—
All that is deathless in song,
Fair Italy's isles
To thy regions belong;
I have known many homes,
But the dwelling for me—
Is beautiful Venice,
The bride of the sea.

Katty, Avourneen.

'Twas a cold winter's night and the tempest was snarling,
The snow like a sheet covered cabin and stye;
When Barney flew over the hills to his darlin',
And tapt at the window where Katty did lie;
Arrah, says he, are you sleeping or waking?
It's a cold bitter night and my coat is thin;
The storm is a brewing—the frost is a bakin',
O Katty avourneen you must let me in.

Ah, then, Barney, said Kate, and she spoke thro' the window
How could you be talking us out of our bed.
To come at this time, it's a shame and a sin, too,
Its whiskey, not love, has got into your head.
If your heart it was true, of my fame you'd be tender,
Consider the time and there's no body in;
What has a poor girl but her name to defend her,
No, Barney avourneen I wont let you in.

A cushla, says he, its my heart
is a fountain,
That weeps for the wrong I
might lay at your door,
Your name is more white than
the snow on the monntain,
And Barney would die to pre-
serve it as pure.
I'll go to my home though the
winter winds face me.
I'll whistle them off for I'm
happy within,
And the words of my Katty
will comfort and bless me,
No, Barny avourneen, I wont
let you in.

Sally in our Alley.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally;—
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-
nets,
And through the streets doth
cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er
beget
So sweet a girl as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my
work.
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely;
But let him beat me as he may,
I'll bear it all for Sally;—
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the
week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes
betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest in all my
best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master forces me to church
And often am I blam'd,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is nam'd.
I leave the church in sermon-
time,
To walk abroad with Sally;

She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh then I shall have money!
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
And I'll give it to my honey;
I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;—
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for her I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally!
Oh, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

The Thorn.

From the white-blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
A sprig, her fair breast to adorn:
No, by heav'ns I exclaim'd, may I perish,
If ever I plant in thy bosom a thorn.'

Then I thow'd her the ring, and implor'd her to marry;
She blush'd like the downing of morn,—
Yes, I'll consent,' she replied, 'if you'll promise
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.'
No, by heav'ns, etc.

My heart is Sair.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody
Oh! I could wake a winter night
A' for the sake o' somebody;
Oh! hon for somebody,
Oh! hey for somebody,—
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody?—
Oh! hon for somebody,
Oh! hey for somebody,
I wad do,—what wad I not,—
For the sake o' somebody!

Corn Rigs.

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night he met me on a bank
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.

He kiss'd and vowed he wad be mine,
And lo'ed me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne
Oh, corn rigs are bonny.

The Rising Sun.

On a rocky cliff I stood,
And the ocean wash'd its base
A prospect broad and good,
The grateful eye could trace:
Not a cloud obscured the sky,
The dawn was bright and fair
Nature slumb'ring seem'd to lie,
Unruffled by the air.

In the east, the rising sun
Display'd his golden crest;
His daily race he had begun
Towards the glowing west;
O'er the waters of the deep,
His glitt'ring rays he shed,
While the sparkling billows leap
From out their liquid bed.

See where bright Aurora twines
Her tresses round her brow,
As the rugged lofty pines
With admiration bow;
Dewy mists in sportive play,
Their glitt'ring veils unfold,
Like happy spirits, flee away
In tints of molten gold.

Gentle zephyrs float around,
And murm'ring surges meet,
Blending all their notes of soul,
In music wild and sweet,
How the grateful bosom burns
With wonder and with love,
As the soul in rapture turns
To brighter scenes above.

Alice Grey.

She's all my fancy painted her
She's lovely she's divine:

But her heart it is anothers,—
She never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man ne'er loved,
A love without decay;—
Oh! my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Grey.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er,
A brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishe
Now flashes with delight;—
Her hair is braided not for me,
Her eye is turned away!—
Yet my heart—my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Grey.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past.
And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
Oh, his heart—his heart was broken
For the love of Alice Grey.

THE EXILE.

Land of my birth, what happy feeling,
Like morning dew, steals o'er my brow;
And winds, their breath from flow'rets stealing,
Never so grateful seems as now
Yet, though I leave thee, never strayeth
The heart so true to thee!
No glitt'ring shore the love betrayeth,
Which death alone can take from me,

I see afar a bright world shining
Yet hopeless still I wander on
For home and friends for ever pining,
My mind's sweet peace for ever gone.
Land of my childhood! home of gladness,
Thy stars shine not for me;
But all my thoughts in joy or sadnesss,
Must turn with grief to home and thee.

OH, WEEP NOT, MY SHELA.

THE ship's in the offing, the boat's in the bay;
Mavourneen, it waits but for me!
I know that, for many and many a day,

I must part from Old Erin and thee;—
Yet weep not, my Shelah, for bright days may come
More bright for the cloud that now lowers,—
On faith and one heart we still hold, and one home,
My Shelah, may one day be ours
Then weep not;
Oh, weep not, my Shelah!
Our hand may be sever'd, yet link'd are our hearts,
And time shall but lengthen the chain;
Oh, do we not look, when the day-beam departs, (again.
For the beauty of sunshine
How oft, when the winter hath scowl'd on our way
Have we talk'd of the coming of spring—
Oh, let the same hope, with its heart-cheering ray,
O'er our pathway its bright sunshine fling,
Then weep not;—
Oh, weep not, my Shelah.

The Merry Maids of England.

The maids of merry England,
So beautiful and fair,
With eyes like diamonds sparkling,
And richly flowing hair; (ful,
Their hearts are light and cheer-
And their spirits ever gay,
The maids of merry England,
How beautiful are they?
They are like the lovely flowers,
In summer time that bloom,
On the sportive breeze,
Shedding their choice and sweet perfume,
Our eyes and heart delighting,
With their varied array,
The merry maids of England,
How beautiful are they!
They smile when we are happy,
When we are sad they sigh,
When anguish wrings our bosom,
The tear they gently dry.
O happy is the nation,
That owns their tender sway,
The maids of merry England,
How beautiful are they!
Then ever like true patriots
May we join both heart and hand
To protect the lovely maidens,
Of this our fatherland,
And that Heaven may ever bless them,
We all devoutly pray,
O the merry maids of England,
How beautiful are they!

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Little Nell.

They told him, gently, she was dead,
And spoke of heav'n and smil'd;
Then drew him from the lonely room
Where lay the lovely child.
'Twas all in vain he heeded not
Their pitying looks of sorrow,
"Hush! hush!" he cried,
"she only sleeps,
She'll wake again to-morrow."
They laid her in a lonely grave,
Where winds blew high and bleak,
Tho' the faintest summer breeze had been
Too rough to fan her cheek.
And there the poor old man would watch,
In strange, tho' childish sorrow,
And whisper to himself, the words,
"She'll wake again to-morrow."
"Hush! hush!" etc.
One day they miss'd him long, and sought
Where most he lov'd to stray
They found him dead upon the turf
Where little Nelly lay.
With tott'ring steps he'd wander there,
Fresh strength and hope to borrow,
And e'en in dying breath'd this prayer [tow!"
"Oh! let her or comemor-